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from Edward S. Dodgson. M.A.,
(addressable now; Poste Restante, Douglas,
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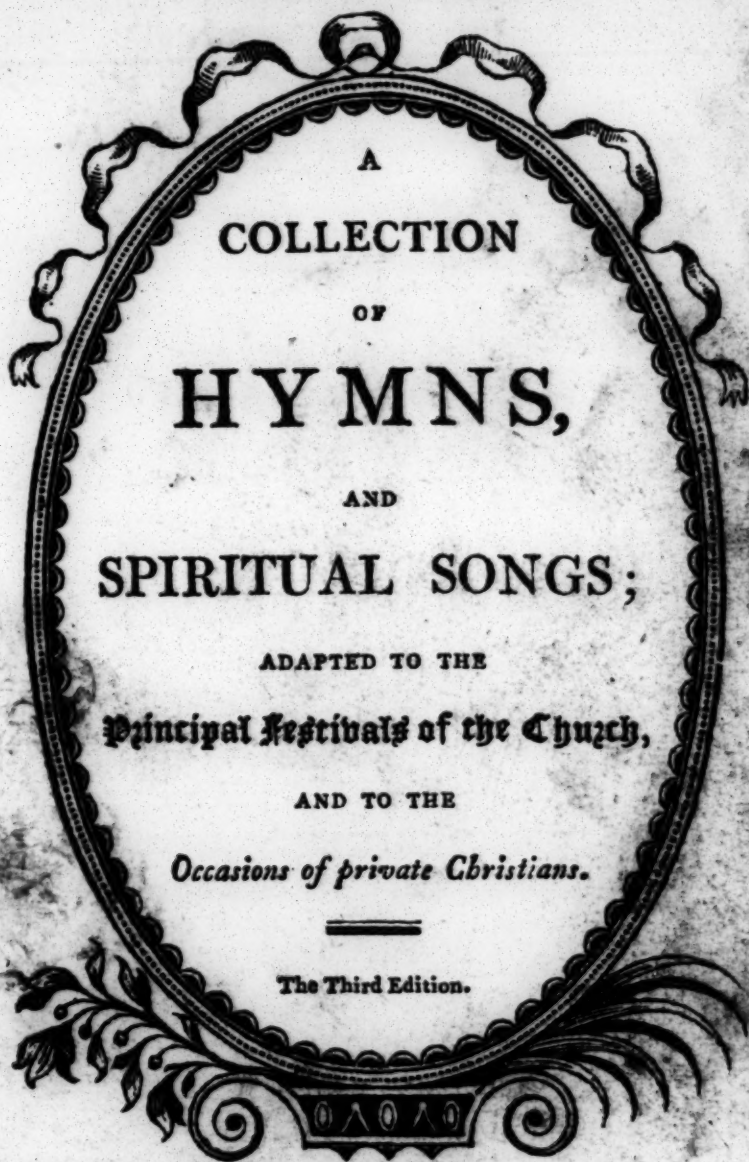
SHIPSHIP!

Sir,—This is not an exclamation overheard on "The Prom." when a rara navis skips into sight to prove that Cardigan Bay is not quite a dead sea, as it has recently been called. No word-book is good enough to contain it: but digon da it is to be 'here all the same, being commonly used by Keredigionic children, and old people, too, in your district, as a synonym of melog, and other words by which the Kymry translate the honeysuckle of Mehefin. Possibly the word came from children learning Saesneg, and watching the bees sipping the mel of that enchanting blooth. Thus its forane origin might account for its being overlooked by the word-bookers. It is of 'e nature of a dictionary to be incomplete. It may be that some pronounce it sheepsheep. That would recall not only the famous misprint in a well-known Portuguese-English dictionary, "balar: to bleet has a ship;" but also the fact that the names of this flower both in French and in Co'man, are associated with goats. Let Keredigion bleat with double strength that it has a shipship! Kymric Botanists have christened the royal fern, rhedyn Crist; and the pious Catholic Basks of Spain translate your "shipship" by Kristen. atzaparrak, the claws of Christ!

Edward S. Dodgson,

27fed o Fehefin, 1921.

Cambridge. page 2. June 30 1921.



A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS;

ADAPTED TO THE
Principal Festivals of the Church,
AND TO THE
Occasions of private Christians.

The Third Edition.

STOCKPORT:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF J. CLARKE, UNDERBANK.

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1800.

THE NEW

AMERICAN

AND

THE NEW

AND

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HYMN 1.

1. I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
2. Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust :
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
3. Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.





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And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, o Zion, ever reigns ;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

~~~~~

HYMN 2.

1. YEs, I will bless thee, o my God,  
Through all my mortal days,  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy endless praise.
2. In every smiling happy hour,  
Be this my sweet employ ;  
Thy praise refines mine earthly bliss,  
And doubles all my joy.
3. When gloomy care, and keen distress,  
Afflict my throbbing breast,  
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And lull each pain to rest.
4. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honours of my God ;  
My life, with all its active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5. Not death itself shall stop my songs,  
Though it will close mine eyes ;  
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,  
And sweeter raptures rise.
6. How will my happy spirit mount  
(Confin'd to flesh no more)  
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds  
In countless ranks adore !
7. There shall my lips in endless praise  
Their grateful tribute pay :  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

~~~~~

HYMN 3.

1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Thy precious time, mispent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
3. In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
4. By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

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- X 5. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
6. I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend ;
Like you, may on my God attend.
- X 7. May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight :
Perform, like you, my Maker's will ;
O may I never more do ill !
8. Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly ;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.
9. All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- X 10. Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- X 11. Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

- ★ 12. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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 HYMN 4.

1. **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light :  
 Keep me, o keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thy own almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 To die, that this vile body may  
 Rise glorious at the awful day.
4. O may my soul on thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep, that may me more ready make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.
5. When in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
6. O when shall I in endless day  
 For ever chase dark sleep away,  
 And hymns, with the bless'd heavenly  
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6. O when shall I in endless day  
 For ever chase dark sleep away,  
 And hymns, with the bless'd heavenly choir,  
 Incessant sing, and never tire!

7. O may my guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
His love angelical instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.
8. May he celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse :  
Or, in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song.
9. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host :  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



## HYMN 5.

1. MY God, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take ;  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
2. Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,  
You hallelujahs sing on high ;  
You joyful hymn the ever-blest,  
Before the throne, and never rest.
3. I with your choir celestial join,  
In offering up a hymn divine ;  
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.
4. My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust :  
O make me thy peculiar care,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

5. Give me a place at thy saints' feet,  
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat;  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter day.
6. O may I always ready stand,  
With my lamp burning in my hand;  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice.
7. Bless'd Jesus! thou on heaven intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;  
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,  
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.
8. Shine on me, Lord! new life impart,  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;  
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light,  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
9. Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice;  
All loose, all idle thoughts keep out,  
And make my very dreams devout.
10. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



### HYMN 6.

1. OPEN thine eyes, my soul, and see,  
Once more the light returns to thee;  
Look round about, and choose the way  
Thou mean'st to travel o'er to-day.

2. Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,  
And always watch thy sliding feet ;  
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,  
And mark the place, and fall no more.
3. Think on the helps thy God bestows,  
And cast to steer thy life by those ;  
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel  
When thou didst well, and do so still.
4. Think on the pains that shall torment  
Those stubborn sins that ne'er repent ;  
Think on the joys that wait above,  
To crown the head of holy love.
5. Think what at last will be thy part,  
If thou goest on where now thou art ;  
See life, and death, set thee to choose ;  
One thou must take, and one refuse.
6. O, my dear Lord, guide thou my course,  
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;  
Still make me walk, still make me tend,  
By thee my way, to thee my end.
7. All glory to the sacred Three,  
One undivided Deity ;  
As it has been in ages gone,  
May now and ever still be done.



## HYMN 7.

1. Now, my soul, the day is gone,  
Which in the morn was thine ;  
Now its glass no more shall run,  
Its sun no longer shine.




2. True, alas! the day is gone,  
O were it only so!  
Is't not lost as well as gone?  
Cast up your 'counts, and know.
3. Are we so much nearer heaven,  
As to the grave we bow?  
Has our sorrow made all even,  
And clear'd the debts we owe?
4. From what vice have we refrain'd,  
To break the course of sin?  
What new virtue have we gain'd,  
To make us rich within?
5. Time is well bestow'd on those,  
Who well their time bestow;  
Whose main concern still forward goes,  
Whose hopes still riper grow:
6. Who, whene'er the clocks proclaim  
Another hour is past,  
Have the art to set their aim  
And thoughts upon their last;
7. That their last and happiest hour,  
Which brings them to their home,  
Where they sing, and bless the pow'r  
That made them thither come.
8. Lord, my God of life and death,  
The ever-living King!  
Since thou giv'st to all their breath,  
May all thy glory sing.
9. Glory, honour, power, and praise  
T' the mysterious Three;  
As at first beginning was,  
May now and ever be!



## HYMN 8.

1. O come, let us, with one accord,  
Lift up our voice and praise the Lord ;  
Let us this morning bless his name,  
And laud and magnify the same.
2. Let universal nature raise  
A cheerful voice, to give him praise ;  
Let all the world his glory sing,  
Who is their Saviour, Lord, and King.
3. For by his word the heavens were made,  
The earth's foundation also laid ;  
All things were done at his command,  
Which through all ages firmly stand.
4. Wherefore let heaven and earth agree  
To sing his praise in unity ;  
And let us here with one accord,  
Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.



## HYMN 9.

1. GREAT God, this sacred day of thine  
Demands our souls' collected powers ;  
May we employ in work divine,  
These solemn, these devoted hours !  
O may our souls adoring own  
The grace which calls us to thy throne !

2. Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!  
 Where God resides appear no more.  
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye  
 Can every secret thought explore :  
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,  
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
3. The word of life dispens'd to-day,  
 Invites us to a heavenly feast ;  
 May every ear the call obey,  
 Be every heart a humble guest !  
 O bid the wretched sons of need,  
 On soul-reviving dainties feed !
4. Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart ;  
 O may thy word with life divine,  
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;  
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :  
 Then shall our souls adoring own  
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

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 HYMN 10.

1. **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.
2. Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow ;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.
3. On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd
 By God, th' eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.

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4. He rises, who mankind has bought  
 With grief and pain extreme ;  
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought,  
 'Twas greater to redeem.



## HYMN 11.

1. LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are !  
 To thine abode  
 My heart aspires,  
 With warm desires,  
 To see my God.
2. O happy souls that pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise thee still :  
 And happy they  
 That love the way  
 To Sion's hill.
3. They go from strength to strength,  
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each o'ercomes at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears.  
 O glorious seat !  
 Thou God our King  
 Shalt thither bring  
 Our willing feet.

4. God is our sun and shield,  
 Our light and our defence ;  
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
 We draw our blessings thence :  
 He shall bestow  
 Upon our race  
 His saving grace,  
 And glory too.
5. The Lord his people loves,  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,  
 From holy, humble souls.  
 Thrice happy he,  
 O God of Hosts,  
 Whose spirit trusts  
 Alone in thee.
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## HYMN 12.

1. AND are we now brought near to God,  
 Who once at distance stood ;  
 And to effect this glorious change,  
 Did Jesus shed his blood ?
2. Oh ! for a song of ardent praise  
 To bear our souls above !  
 What should allay our lively hope,  
 Or damp our flaming love ?
3. Draw us, o Lord, with quick'ning grace,  
 And bring us yet more near ;  
 Here we may see thy glories shine,  
 And taste thy mercies here.

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 And bring us yet more near ;  
 Here we may see thy glories shine,  
 And taste thy mercies here.

4. Oh ! may that love which spread thy board,  
Dispose us for the feast ;  
May faith behold a smiling God,  
Through Jesu's bleeding breast !
5. Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise  
In such a scene as this,  
And view the happy moment near  
That shall complete our bliss.



## HYMN 13.

1. **A**ND will thy table, Lord, be spread ?  
And will thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
2. Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
3. Why are such blessings all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
4. O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes !
5. Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,  
With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

6. Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
 And bid our drooping graces live ;  
 And more that energy afford,  
 Which right'ousness and joy will give.



## HYMN 14.

1. **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may  
 To thy bless'd courts repair ;  
 And, while he bows before thy throne,  
 Shall find acceptance there ?
2. 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed  
 By rules of virtue moves ;  
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
 The thing his heart disproves.
3. Who never will a slander forge,  
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
 Nor hearken to a false report,  
 By malice whisper'd round.
4. Who vice, tho' drest in pomp and power,  
 Can treat with just neglect ;  
 And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,  
 Religiously respect.
5. Who to his plighted vows and trust  
 Has ever firmly stood ;  
 And though he promise to his loss,  
 Still makes his promise good.
6. Who seeks not by oppressive ways  
 His wealth to multiply ;  
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe  
 The guiltless to destroy.



7. The man, who, by his steady course,  
Has happiness insur'd,  
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand  
By Providence secur'd.



## HYMN 15.

1. LONG had earth's num'rous nations sought  
Salvation to obtain,  
Pardon, and peace, and endless life,  
And happiness, in vain.
2. Israel, through ev'ry land dispers'd,  
Sprung forth with eager wish,  
In their Messiah to embrace  
The long-expected bliss.
3. And lo ! he comes, the Saviour comes,  
The promis'd seed appears ;  
He in whom centred all the hopes  
Of past and future years.
4. He comes, from an abyss of woes  
To raise our ruin'd race ;  
He bleeds, he dies, that we might share  
The blessings of his grace.
5. Wondrous event ! more wondrous love  
Of our incarnate God !  
Should we be mute, sure rocks would wake  
To spread his praise abroad.
6. Dear Lord, th' o'erflowings of thy grace  
Our flinty bosoms fire ;  
Our conquer'd hearts now pant for thee,  
With an intense desire.



7. Here be thy throne for ever fix'd,  
 And this thy lasting rest ;  
 And be our souls beneath thy smiles  
 Through endless ages blest.



## HYMN 16.

1. **H**ARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
 The Saviour promis'd long!  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.
2. On him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
 Exerts its sacred fire ;  
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.
3. He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
 In satan's bondage held ;  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.
4. He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eyeballs of the blind  
 To pour celestial day,
5. He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure ;  
 And with the treasures of his grace,  
 T' enrich the humble poor.
6. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.



## HYMN 17.

AIR.

LAMB of God, that in the bosom  
Of the Father dwellest high,  
Deign to visit humble sinners,  
From thy rest above the sky.

CHORUS.

God incarnate, leave thy glory,  
Nor abhor the virgin's womb;  
Spread salvation like a river,  
Jesus, let thy kingdom come!

AIR.

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.

CHORUS.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

AIR.

Shepherds, did you hear him coming,  
Whilst you kept your flocks by night?  
Did you see his star in heaven  
Blaze with new created light?

CHORUS.

Haste, ye magi, come and worship,  
See the orient star before;  
Bring your presents, gold and spices,  
Blest Arabia's balm's store.

## AIR.

All ye joyous host of heaven,  
 Loudly speak the Saviour's praise;  
 Saints and angels in full chorus  
 Your seraphic voices raise.

## CHORUS.

Come, o come, your hallelujahs  
 In wide-echoing songs proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth with joy resounding,  
 Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

## HYMN 18.

1. CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,  
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
 With them the joyful tidings first begun  
 Of God incarnate, and the virgin's son;
2. Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
 Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, behold!  
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
 To you, and all the nations upon earth:  
 This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word,  
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord;
3. In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find  
 The long foretold Redeemer of mankind,  
 Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe divine  
 Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.  
 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,  
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:

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 Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.  
 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,  
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:

4. The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rung :  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and mutual good-will.  
To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shep-  
herds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man ;
5. And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,  
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :  
Amaz'd, the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The first apostles of his infant fame,  
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,  
The heavenly vision which the swains impart.
6. They to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.  
Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ,  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;  
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind :
7. Artless, and watchful, as these favour'd swains,  
While virgin meekness in the heart remains ;  
Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our loss,  
From his poor manger to his bitter cross.  
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place :
8. Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among  
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song :  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all his glory shall display ;  
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing,  
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

## HYMN 19.

1. **G**OD, who at sundry times, in divers ways,  
Spake by his prophets, in the ancient days,  
When years their due predicted course had run,  
Spake to mankind by his beloved Son :  
Of things in heaven, in earth, th' appointed heir,  
Whom all the world, by him produc'd, revere.
2. In his divine humanity was seen  
Paternal glory, through its filial screen ;  
That word within his sacred person dwell'd,  
That power by which all nature is upheld :  
In him the too bright majesty above  
Shone forth, attemper'd by incarnate love.
3. To him our utmost praises all belong,  
His birth the subject of our annual song :  
With voice of joy and gladness, let us pay  
The year's collected tribute to the day :  
Let every hour's remembrance now unite  
To hail, in concert, its returning light.
4. Think what a radiant heavenly light thereon,  
At first, upon the watching shepherds shone ;  
What glory of the Lord spread round about,  
When hosts of angels, with a joyful shout,  
Proclaim'd the Christ, the Lord, the Saviour's  
birth,  
Glory to God, and peace to men on earth.
5. Let every good that Providence imparts,  
Speak this angelic message to our hearts ;  
Let us look up, whatever ills befall,  
To him who bore and sanctified them all :  
Deign'd to be born, to suffer, and to die,  
To gain for us the glorious life on high.

6. Happy the soul, that in this lower life,  
 By faith and love maintains the christian strife;  
 Taught by his word, supported by his power,  
 Fulfils the duties of the present hour;  
 And aims at nothing here, but to increase  
 Of God and man the glory and the peace.



## HYMN 20.

1. **A**RISE, and hail the sacred day,  
 Cast all low cares of life away,  
 And thoughts of meaner things;  
 This day, to cure thy deadly woes,  
 The Son of righteousness arose  
 With healing in his wings.

*Chorus.*

O then let heaven and earth rejoice,  
 Creation's whole united voice,  
 And hymn the happy day.

2. If angels, on that happy morn  
 The Saviour of the world was born,  
 Pour'd forth seraphic songs;  
 Much more should we of human race,  
 Adore the wonder of his grace,  
 To whom the grace belongs.

*Chorus.* O then let heaven, &c.

3. How wonderful, how vast his love,  
 Who left the shining realms above,  
 Those happy seats of rest!  
 How much for lost mankind he bore,  
 Their peace and pardon to restore,  
 Can never be exprest.

*Chorus.* O then let heaven, &c.



4. Whilst we adore his boundless grace,  
 And pious mirth and joy take place  
 Of sorrow, grief and pain ;  
 Give glory to our God on high,  
 And not amongst the general joy,  
 Forget good-will to men.  
*Chorus.* O then let heaven, &c.



## HYMN 21.

1. **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
 And join th' angelic throng ;  
 For angels no such love have known,  
 T' awake a cheerful song.
2. Good-will to guilty men is shown,  
 And peace on earth is given ;  
 For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
 With messages from heaven.
3. Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
 His rising beams adorn :  
 Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
 Now such a child is born.
4. Glory to God, in highest strains,  
 In highest worlds be paid ;  
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
 And by our lives display'd.
5. When shall we reach those blissful realms  
 Where Christ exalted reigns,  
 And learn of the celestial choir,  
 Their own immortal strains ?



## HYMN 22.

1. **G**OD of my life, thy constant care,  
With blessings crowns the opening year ;  
This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew my annual song.
2. How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day, the changing sun  
Through his last yearly period run !
3. We yet survive ; but who can say,  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
I will retain this vital breath,  
Thus far at least in league with death ?
4. That breath is thine, eternal God,  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
5. To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them, and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
6. Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,  
And land them on the blooming shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.

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HYMN 23.

1. **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
How short the months appear !

2. Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few which yet remain.
3. So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgments shall survey.
4. Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy chief concern.
5. Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.



HYMN 24.

1. SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star !
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
2. Fear not hence that there shall flow
Wars or pestilence below ;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.
3. Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4. Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear !
Haste, for him your hearts prepare ;
Meet him manifested there !
5. There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
6. Sing, ye morning-stars, again ;
God descends on earth to reign !
Deigns for man his life t' employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

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HYMN 25.

1. ADIEU to all my fond pursuits,  
Ye vain delights adieu ;  
My heart to nobler bliss aspires,  
And better joys than you.
2. Not all the sweets of earth and sense  
Can please th' immortal mind :  
Delusive sweets, that mock our taste,  
And leave a sting behind.
3. Author of life and endless joy,  
To thee, to thee I come :  
Thou art the centre of my heart,  
My portion and my home.
4. Give me to taste that secret food  
Thy favour'd children eat ;  
Not earth with all its stores can yield  
Such soul-refreshing meat.



5. Let sweet devotion be my feast,  
O teach my heart to pray,  
With thee to hail the morning light,  
With thee to end the day.
6. Let faith and zeal, and ardent love,  
Still bear me on their wings,  
And smiling hope, that lifts the heart  
Above terrestrial things.
7. Away, vain world! my strong desires  
To nobler mansions rise,  
Where streams of pure delight abound,  
And pleasure never dies.



## HYMN 26.

1. **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God!  
All the vain things that charm'd me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



## HYMN 27.

1. **F**ROM whence these dire portents around,  
That earth and heaven amaze ?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,  
Why hides the sun his rays ?
2. Not thus did Sinai's trembling head  
With sacred horror nod,  
Beneath the dark pavilion spread  
Of the descending God !
3. What tongue the tortures can declare  
Of this vindictive hour ?  
Wrath he alone had will to share,  
As he alone had power !
4. See, streaming from the fatal tree  
His all-atoning blood !  
Is this the Infinite ?—'tis he !  
My Saviour and my God !
5. For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is borne !  
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
6. Let sin no more my soul enslave,  
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain ;  
Oh ! save me, whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain !



## HYMN 28.

1. **I** sing my Saviour's wondrous death ;  
He conquer'd when he fell :  
“ 'Tis finish'd ” ! said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.

2. " 'Tis finish'd" ! our Immanuel cries,  
 "Th' important work is done" :  
 Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,  
 His kingdom is begun.
3. His cross a sure foundation laid  
 For glory and renown,  
 When through the regions of the dead  
 He pass'd, to reach the crown.
4. Exalted at his Father's side  
 Sits our victorious Lord ;  
 To heaven and hell his hands divide  
 The vengeance or reward.
5. The saints, from his propitious eye,  
 Await their several crowns ;  
 And all the sons of darkness fly  
 The terror of his frowns.



## HYMN 29.

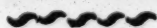
1. OH ! if my soul was form'd for woe,  
 How would I vent my sighs !  
 Repentance should like rivers flow  
 From both my streaming eyes.
2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
 Hung on the cursed tree,  
 And groan'd away a dying life,  
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
3. O how I hate those lusts of mine  
 That crucified my God ;  
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
 Fast to the fatal wood.

4. Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart hath so decreed;  
Nor will I spare those guilty things,  
That made my Saviour bleed.
5. Whilst with a melting, broken heart,  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.



## HYMN 30.

1. JESUS Christ is ris'n to-day,—hallelujah.  
Sons of men, and angels say,  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ our heavenly King,  
Who endur'd the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.
3. But the pains which he endur'd  
Our salvation have procur'd;  
Now above the sky he's King,  
Where the angels ever sing, hallelujah.



## HYMN 31.

1. THE Lord is risen! he who came  
To suffer death, and conquer too,  
Is risen! let our songs proclaim  
The praise to man's Redeemer due.



To him, whom God in tender love,  
 (Always alike to bless inclin'd,)  
 Sent to redeem us from above,  
 To save, to sanctify mankind,

*Chorus.*

Worthy of all power and praise,  
 He who died and rose again,  
 Lamb of God, and slain to raise  
 Man to life redeem'd—Amen.

2. That life which Adam ceas'd to live,  
 When to this world he turn'd his heart,  
 And to his children could not give,  
 The second Adam can impart.  
 We, on our earthly parent's side,  
 Could but receive a life of earth;  
 The Lord from heaven, he liv'd and died,  
 And rose to give us heavenly birth.

*Chorus.* Worthy of all power, &c.

3. This mortal life, this living death,  
 Shows that in Adam we all die;  
 In Christ we have immortal breath,  
 And life's unperishing supply.  
 He took our nature, and sustain'd  
 The miseries of its sinful state:  
 Sinless himself, for us regain'd  
 To Paradise an open gate.

*Chorus.* Worthy of all power, &c.

4. As Adam rais'd a life of sin,  
 So Christ, the serpent-bruising seed,  
 By God's appointment could begin  
 The birth, in us, of life indeed,

He did begin, parental head ;  
 As Adam fell, so Jesus stood ;  
 Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said,  
 " 'Tis finish'd " ! on the sacred wood.  
*Chorus.* Worthy of all power, &c.

5. Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath,  
 That sin had brought on Adam's race ;  
 To pave the sole and certain path  
 From nature's life to that of grace.  
 For joy of this, God's only Son  
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,  
 And gave the victory, so won,  
 For imitating love to claim.  
*Chorus.* Worthy of all power, &c.

6. To tread the path that Jesus trod,  
 Aided by him, be our employ,  
 To die to sin, and live to God,  
 And yield him the fair purchas'd joy ;  
 To all the laws that love hath made  
 Steadfast, unshaken to attend,  
 He died, he rose, himself our aid,  
 Lo ! I am with you to the end.  
*Chorus.* Worthy of all power, &c.



## HYMN 32.

1. **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
 Who cloth'd himself in clay :  
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.

2. Death is no more the thing of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
3. See how the Conqueror mounts on high,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
4. There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And sends his blessings down ;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.
5. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his bless'd abode :  
Sweet be the accents of your songs,  
To our incarnate God.
6. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise ;  
Let heaven and all created things,  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

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HYMN 33.

1. OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

He did begin, parental head ;
 As Adam fell, so Jesus stood ;
 Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said,
 " 'Tis finish'd" ! on the sacred wood.
Chorus. Worthy of all power, &c.

5. Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath,
 That sin had brought on Adam's race ;
 To pave the sole and certain path
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 For joy of this, God's only Son
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2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

3. Loosen your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right
Receive the King of Glory in.
4. Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
6. Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest.



HYMN 34.

1. O for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song :
mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.



HYMN 35.

1. REJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen race,
The day of pentecost is come !
Expect the sure descending grace,
Open your hearts to make him room.
2. Our Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive ;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.
3. Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord ;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this place.
4. Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And long the blest descent to feel ;
Kindle in each thy living fire,
And stamp on ev'ry heart thy seal.
5. Wisdom and strength to thee belong,
Sweetly within our bosoms move ;
Now let us speak with other tongue
The new, strange language of thy love.



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And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
6. Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest.



HYMN 34.

1. O for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus our God ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song :
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.



HYMN 35.

1. **R**EJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen race,
The day of pentecost is come !
Expect the sure descending grace,
Open your hearts to make him room.
2. Our Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive ;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.
3. Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord ;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this place.
4. Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And long the blest descent to feel ;
Kindle in each thy living fire,
And stamp on ev'ry heart thy seal.
5. Wisdom and strength to thee belong,
Sweetly within our bosoms move ;
Now let us speak with other tongue
The new, strange language of thy love,



HYMN 36.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
2. Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
3. Anoint, and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
4. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one ;
That through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song :
5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



HYMN 37.

1. CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2. From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee ;
Thine our dull, darken'd sight,
Thou source of uncreated light.
Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
4. Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold energy ;
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
5. Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour, Son, be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
6. And equal adoration be,
Creator, Spirit, paid to thee :
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

~~~~~

HYMN 38.

1. HAIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Be endless praise to thee ;  
Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three.
2. Enthron'd in everlasting state,  
Ere time its round began ;  
Who join'd in council to create  
The dignity of man :

## HYMN 36.

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And lighten with celestial fire ;  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
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Illumine our dull, darken'd sight,  
Thou source of uncreated light.
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2. Enthron'd in everlasting state,
Ere time its round began ;
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man :

3. To whom Isaiah's vision show'd
The seraphs veil their wings ;
While thee, Jehovah ! Lord and God
Th' angelic army sings.
4. To thee, by mystic powers on high,
Were humble praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd eye
Th' inhabitants of heaven.
5. All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in hymns aspire ;
May we, as angels, on our thrones,
For ever join the choir.
6. Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.



HYMN 39.

1. **G**RATEFUL notes, and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name ador'd.
2. Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love :
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail ! celestial goodness, hail !
3. Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
Shall our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

4. Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from thy throne,
And send thy holy Spirit down.
5. While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see :
6. Then with angels we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain ;
There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
7. There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony,
That through heaven's all-spacious round,
Praise to God, may ever sound.
Lord ! thy mercies never fail,
Hail ! celestial Goodness, hail.

~~~~~

HYMN 40.

1. **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all my works, and thee alone !  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
2. Ah ! why did I so late thee know,  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ;  
Ah ! why did I no sooner go  
To thee, the only ease in pain !  
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn  
That I so late to thee did turn.

3. To whom Isaiah's vision show'd  
The seraphs veil their wings ;  
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2. Ah ! why did I so late thee know,  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ;  
Ah ! why did I no sooner go  
To thee, the only ease in pain !  
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn  
That I so late to thee did turn.

3. In darkness willingly I stray'd ;  
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd :  
 Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,  
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd :  
 And now if more at length I see,  
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
4. I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd :  
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :  
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice  
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
5. Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
 Nor suffer me again to stray :  
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
 Still to press forward in thy way :  
 My soul and flesh, o Lord of might,  
 Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.
6. Give to my eyes refreshing tears ;  
 Give to my heart chaste hallow'd fires ;  
 Give to my soul with filial fears  
 The love that all heaven's host inspires :  
 That all my powers with all their might  
 In thy sole glory may unite.
7. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;  
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod ;  
 What though my flesh and heart decay,  
 Thee shall I love in endless day.



## HYMN 41.

1. **L**o! my Shepherd's hand divine!  
Want shall never more be mine;  
In a pasture fair and large,  
He shall feed his happy charge,  
And my couch with tend'rest care,  
'Midst the springing grass prepare;  
When I faint with summer heat,  
He shall lead my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.
2. He my soul anew shall frame,  
And, his mercy to proclaim,  
When through devious paths I stray,  
Teach my steps the better way;  
Through the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
There I walk from terror free,  
While my every wish I see,  
By his rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard, and that my guide.
3. While my foes are gazing on,  
Thou thy favouring care hast shown;  
Thou my plenteous board hast spread,  
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;  
Fill'd by thee, my cup o'erflows,  
For thy love no limit knows;  
Constant to my latest end,  
Thy footsteps shall attend,  
And shall bid thy hallow'd dome  
Yield me an eternal home.



## HYMN 42.

8.

1. **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks  
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;  
See from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise.
2. The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame,  
Inscribes, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
3. Diffusing life, his influence spreads,  
And health and plenty smile around,  
And fruitful fields and verdant meads  
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
4. Almighty goodness, power divine,  
The fields and verdant meads display ;  
And bless the hand which made them shine  
With various charms profusely gay.
5. For man and beast here daily food,  
In wide, diffusive plenty grows ;  
And there for drink, the crystal flood,  
In streams sweet-winding, gently flows.
6. By cooling streams and soft'ning showers,  
The vegetable race are fed ;  
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,  
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.
7. The flow'ry tribes, all blooming, rise  
Above the weak attempts of art ;  
Their bright, inimitable dyes  
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.



8. Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of the God,  
And bow before him and adore.

HYMN 43.

1. BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
And praise th' Almighty's name;  
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas, and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.
2. Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,  
While all th' adoring throngs around  
His wondrous mercy sing;  
Let every list'ning saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.
3. Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;  
Ye thunders, speak his power;  
Lo! on the lightnings' gleamy wing,  
In triumph walks th' eternal King;  
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
4. Ye deeps, with roaming billows rise,  
To join the thunders of the skies;  
Praise him who bid you roll:  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

5. Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;  
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise,  
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
 Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
6. Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
 In heavenly praise employ;  
 Spread the Creator's name around,  
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,  
 The general burst of joy.

## HYMN 44.

'Tis religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures whilst we live;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die;  
 After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity.

## HYMN 45.

1. FATHER of all! in every age,  
 In every clime ador'd,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 The universal Lord!
2. What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That, more than heaven pursue.

3. What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when man receives,  
T' enjoy is to obey.

4. Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound ;  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

5. Let not this weak, unknowing hand,  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe.

6. If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, o teach my heart  
To find that better way.

7. Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom hath denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

8. Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

9. Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

10. This day be bread and peace my lot ;  
 All else beneath the sun  
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 And let thy will be done.

11. To thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;  
 One chorus let all beings raise !  
 All nature's incense rise !



### HYMN 46.

1. **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
 Quit, o quit this mortal frame !  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife  
 And let me languish into life.

2. Hark ! they whisper, angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away.  
 What is this absorbs me quite ?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3. The world recedes ; it disappears !  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring :  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O death ! where is thy sting ?





## HYMN 47.

1. **H**ARK, my gay friend, that solemn toll  
Speaks the departure of a soul.  
'Tis gone : that's all we know, not where,  
Or how th' unbodied soul doth fare.
2. In that mysterious world, none knows,  
But God alone, to whom it goes;  
To whom departed souls return,  
To take their doom—to smile, or mourn.
3. Oh by what glimmering light, we view  
The unknown world we're hast'ning to !  
God has lock'd up the mystic page,  
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.
4. Wise heaven, to render search perplex'd,  
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next,  
A dark impenetrable screen,  
All behind which is yet unseen.
5. We talk of heaven, we talk of hell,  
But what they mean no tongue can tell.  
Heaven is the realm where angels are,  
And hell the chaos of despair.
6. But what these awful words imply,  
None of us know before we die :  
Whether we will or no, we must  
Take the succeeding world on trust.
7. This hour, perhaps, our friend is well,  
Death-struck the next, he cries, " Farewel,  
I die"; and then, for aught we see,  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

8. Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,  
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more ;  
Then undirected to repair  
To distant worlds, we know not where.
9. Swift flies the soul—perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the sun,  
Or thrice ten thousand more thrice told,  
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.
10. And yet who knows if friends we lov'd,  
Though dead, may be so far remov'd ?  
Only this veil of flesh between,  
Perhaps they watch us, though unseen.
11. While we, their loss lamenting, say,  
“They're out of hearing far away” ;  
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,  
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.
12. And yet no notices they give,  
Nor tell us how or where they live ;  
Though conscious, whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know :
13. As if bound up by solemn fate,  
To keep the secrets of their state ;  
To tell their joys or pains to none,  
That man might live by faith alone.
14. Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous decrees ;  
Why should I wish him to reveal  
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

15. It is enough that I believe  
 Heaven brighter than I can conceive ;  
 And he who makes it all his care  
 To serve God here, shall see him there.
16. But, oh what worlds shall I survey,  
 The moment that I leave this clay !  
 How sudden the surprize, how new !  
 Let it, my God, be happy too.

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HYMN 48.

1. To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise :
 Oh let the meanest of thy flock
 Attempt to sing thy praise.
2. Vain the attempt—what tongue can speak
 A subject so divine ;
 Do justice to so vast a theme,
 And praise a love like thine ?
3. Love, that could bring thy willing feet
 From the blest world on high,
 From thy great Father's dear embrace,
 To labour, bleed, and die !
4. My life, my joy, my hopes I owe
 To this amazing love ;
 Ten thousand comforts here below,
 And nobler bliss above.
5. To thee my trembling spirit flies,
 With sin and grief oppress'd ;
 Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
 And lulls my cares to rest.

6. Yes, should I walk in death's dark vale,
 With double horrors spread,
 Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
 And guard my drooping head.

7. Lead on, my Shepherd, led by thee
 No evil I shall fear ;
 Soon shall I reach the fold above,
 And praise thee better there.



HYMN 49.

1. **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !

2. Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul", he cries !
 See, where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies.

4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !



HYMN 50.

1. SALVATION! o the joyful sound!

What pleasure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

Blessing, honour, praise and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever:

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah;

Praise the Lord.

2. Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,

At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise by grace divine

To see a heavenly day.

Blessing, honour, praise and power, &c.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound.

Blessing, honour, praise and power, &c.

4. Salvation! o thou bleeding Lamb!

To thee the praise belongs;

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

And dwell upon our tongues.

Blessing, honour, praise and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever:

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah;

Praise the Lord.

HYMN 51.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
3. But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
While satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
4. He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
5. Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power :
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.



HYMN 52.

1. COME, ye sinners, come and worship
Humbly praise your Saviour God ;
Hate you sins, describe your vileness,
Wash ye clean in Jesus' blood.

CHORUS.

Come, o come, and kneel before him,
 Raise your hearts to heaven above;
 Leave the world, condemn its pleasures,
 Seek the wealth of Jesus' love.

2. Who can number his transgressions?
 Who forgive, but God alone?
 Could the whole creation offer'd,
 For the smallest fault atone?

3. No : but here is love transcending ;
 Oh the depth ! the breadth ! the length !
 Sure believers cannot perish,
 Kept by God's eternal strength.

4. Who can see his love, and hate him ?
 Who can hear, and not believe ?
 O the joy of serving Jesus,
 None but his can e'er conceive.

5. Father, make us truly thankful,
 Sing, o heavens ; rejoice, o earth ;
 'Tis thy mercy makes us worthy,
 We are sinners from our birth.

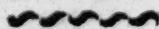
6. How shall all thy people triumph
 In eternal light above !
 How shall sinners sing salvation
 To the Lamb, the God of Love !

7. Hear the thousand times ten thousand,
 With ten thousands thousands bless ;
 Honour, glory, praise and power,
 To the Lord our righteousness.



HYMN 53.

1. BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
2. Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
3. Blest are the men who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness :
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
4. Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of Peace.
5. Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ, their Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
6. Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling powers of sin ;
With endless pleasure shall they see
A God of spotless purity.
7. Bless'd are the men who now partake
Of shame and pain for Jesu's sake ;
Their souls, exulting in the Lord,
Shall share at last the great reward.



HYMN 54.

1. COME, let us search our ways, and try,
Have they been just and right;
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?
2. What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?
3. Do we relieve the poor distress'd?
Nor give our tongues a loose,
To make their names our scorn and jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?
4. Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By sly, malicious ways?
5. In all we sell, and all we buy,
Is justice our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?
6. In vain we talk of Jesu's blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

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HYMN 55.

1. O 'tis a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart;  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
To act a useful part.

2. When envy, strife, and wars begin  
In little angry souls,  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.
3. Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
Nor let their fury rise,  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
4. Their lives are prudence mix'd with love,  
Good words employ their day ;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.
5. Such was the Saviour of mankind,  
Such pleasures he pursu'd ;  
His manners gentle and refin'd,  
His soul divinely good.

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HYMN 56.

1. **L**ET those who bear the christian name,
Their holy vows fulfil ;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.
2. True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear :
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise ;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4. They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears ;
Firm to the truth ; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.



HYMN 57.

1. UP to thy seat, eternal God,
Now would my ardent passions soar ;
Fain would I view thy bright abode,
And love, and wonder, and adore.
2. Spirit of Peace, immortal dove,
Here let thy gentle influence reign ;
Come fill my soul with heavenly love,
And all the graces of thy train.
3. Descend with all thy sacred light,
Thine active zeal, thy joy sincere,
And hope, in radiant glories bright,
Descend and make thy dwelling here.
4. Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
Not corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,
Could raise my tuneful songs so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.
5. Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, though in all its terrors drest ;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.
6. Come then—or bid my longing soul
To these celestial mansions soar,
Where endless years of pleasure roll,
Nor shall I mourn thy absence more.



HYMN 58.

1. **H**ow happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
2. His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From every creature-love !
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
3. The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
4. No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor way-faring man ;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
5. Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

6. There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
7. I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest :
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now, o my Saviour, brother, friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !



HYMN 59.

1. PARENT of good, whose plenteous grace
 O'er all thy creatures flows,
 Humbly we ask thy power to bless
 The food thy love bestows.
2. Thy love provides the sober feast ;
 A second gift impart ;
 Give us with joy our food to taste,
 And with a single heart.
3. Let it for thee new life afford,
 For thee our strength repair,
 Blest by thy all-sustaining word,
 And sanctified by prayer.
4. Thee we address with humble fear,
 Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown ;
 Father of all thy children hear,
 And send a blessing down.

5. Thee let us taste ; nor toil below,
 For perishable meat ;
 The manna of thy love bestow ;
 Give us thy flesh to eat.
6. Life of the world, our souls to feed
 Thyself descend from high !
 Grant us of thee, the living bread,
 To eat and never die !



HYMN 60.

1. FATHER, our eyes we lift to thee,
 And taste our daily bread ;
 'Tis now thy open hand we see,
 And on thy bounty feed.
2. 'Tis now the meaner creatures join
 Richly thy grace to prove ;
 Fulfil thy primitive design,
 Enjoy'd by thankful love.
3. Still, while our mouths are fill'd with good,
 Our souls to thee we raise ;
 Our souls partake of nobler food,
 And banquet on thy praise.
4. Come thou, our heavenly Adam, come !
 Thy healing influence give ;
 Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
 And bid us eat and live.
5. O may our souls for ever pine,
 Thy grace to taste and see ;
 A thirst for righteousness divine,
 And hungry after thee !

6. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad :
 So shall we ever live, and move,
 And be with Christ in God.



HYMN 61.

1. BLESS'D be the God, whose tender care
 Prevents his children's cry ;
 Whose pity, providently near,
 Doth all our wants supply.
2. Bless'd be the God, whose bounty's store
 These cheering gifts imparts ;
 Who veils in bread the secret power
 That feeds and glads our hearts.
3. Fountain of blessing, source of good,
 To thee this strength we owe ;
 Thou art the virtue of our food,
 Life of our life below.
- ood, 4. 'Tis not the outward food we eat,
 Doth this new strength afford ;
 'Tis thou, whose presence makes it meat,
 Thou, the life-giving word.
- ! 5. Man doth not live by bread alone ;
 Whate'er thou wilt can feed ;
 Thy power converts the bread to stone,
 And turns the stone to bread.
6. When shall our souls regain the skies,
 Thy heavenly sweetness prove ?
 Fulness of joy shall there arise,
 And all our food be love.



HYMN 62.

1. **S**ON of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine ;
Worth to my meanest labour give,
By joining it to thine.
2. Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou would'st not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy Majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.
3. Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise ;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.
4. End of my action thou !
Thyself in all I see ;
Accept my hallow'd labour now ;
I do it unto thee.
5. Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free ;
My hands are but engag'd below,
My heart is still with thee.
6. **O** when wilt thou, my life, appear !
How gladly would I cry,
“ 'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,
“ 'Tis finish'd, Lord”, and die !



HYMN 63.

1. **M**Y God, with grateful heart, I'll raise
A daily altar to thy praise ;
Thy friendly hand my course directs,
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.

2. When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly ;
The same almighty arm can aid,
Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.
3. To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing power impart ;
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
4. All medicines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee ;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heaven ordains.
5. Clay and Siloam's pool we find,
At heaven's command restor'd the blind ;
Hence Jordan's waters once were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
6. But grant me nobler favour still,
Grant me to know and do thy will ;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
7. Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.
8. But oh ! regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes :
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

9. These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy son vouchsaf'd to bleed ;
His blood procures for Adam's race
Admittance to the throne of grace.
10. When vice hath shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found,
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.
11. What arrows pierce so deep as sin ?
What venom gives such pain within ?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.
12. Oh ! if I trust thy sovereign skill,
With deep submission to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.



HYMN 64.

1. JESUS ! I love thy charming name,
Thy praise shall still employ my tongue ;
For ever will I make thy love
The pleasing burden of my song.
2. When in the shades of gloomy night
Oppress'd with dark despair I lay,
Thy grace can make e'en death to smile,
And spread a glory round my tomb.
3. Cheer'd with thy light, the dreary vale
Loses its horror and its gloom :
Thy grace can make e'en death to smile,
And spread a glory round my tomb.

4. Thou King of dreads, my faith and hope
Above thine utmost malice soar.
O death! where is thy mighty sting?
Nor boast, o grave! thy vict'ry more.
5. Thanks to thy name, thou God of love;
To thee eternal thanks I give;
I'll still pursue the glorious theme,
Long as a deathless soul can live.
6. O could I join those shining hosts,
And touch those golden harps above!
But I can never, never sing
In strains proportion'd to thy love.



HYMN 65.

1. IN vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly;
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eastern sky.
2. In vain the gaudy rising sun
The wide horizon gilds;
Comes glittering o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields.
3. In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning breezes play;
In vain the birds with cheerful songs
Salute the new-born day.
4. In vain, unless my Saviour's face
These gloomy clouds control,
And dissipate the sullen shades
That press my drooping soul.

5. Oh, visit then thy servant, Lord,
 With favour from on high ;
 Arise, my bright immortal Sun,
 And all these shades will die.
6. Ah ! when shall I behold thy face,
 All radiant and serene,
 Without those envious dusky clouds,
 That make a veil between ?
7. When shall that long-expected day
 Of sacred vision be,
 When my impatient soul shall make
 A near approach to thee ?

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HYMN 66.

1. GLORY be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky,  
 Peace on earth, to man forgiven,  
 Man, the well-belov'd of heaven !
2. Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,  
 Thee, we now presume to sing ;  
 Glad thine attributes confess,  
 Glorious all and numberless.
3. Hail ! by all thy works ador'd,  
 Hail ! the everlasting Lord !  
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove  
 Lord of power, and God of love.
4. Christ our Lord and God we own,  
 Christ the Father's only Son !  
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 Saviour of offending man !



5. Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear the world's atonement thou!  
Jesu, in thy name we pray,  
Take, o take our sins away.
6. Powerful advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear the world's atonement thou!
7. Hear; for thou, o Christ, alone,  
With thy gracious Sire, art One!  
One, the Holy Ghost with thee,  
One supreme, eternal Three!

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HYMN 67.

1. Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring,
My knees with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
2. The spangled heavens thy power proclaim,
Earth echoes back thy mighty name;
Thy glory gilds eternal days,
And nights in silence speak thy praise.
3. All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
4. There what delightful truths I read;
There I behold a Saviour bleed!
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my tear.

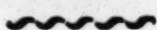
5. There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passion high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
6. Hail, great Immanuel! let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

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HYMN 68.

1. **B**LEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts  
O'er all thy graces rove,  
How is my soul in transport lost,  
In wonder, joy, and love!
2. Not softest strains can charm mine ear,  
Like thy beloved name;  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.
3. Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
Unnumber'd blessings see:  
But what is life and all its bliss,  
When once compar'd to thee!
4. Hast thou a rival in my breast?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell,  
If ought can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.
5. No—thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy;  
For ever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6. When nature fails, around my bed  
 Let thy sweet glories shine;  
 And death shall all its terrors lose,  
 In raptures so divine.



## HYMN 69.

1. COME, numble souls, ye mourners, come,  
 And wipe away your tears;  
 Adieu to all your sad complaints,  
 Your sorrows and your fears.
2. Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,  
 The Saviour's dying love:  
 Soon shall you sing the glorious themes  
 In loftier strains above.
3. God, the eternal, mighty God,  
 To dearer names descends;  
 Calls you his treasure, and his joy,  
 His children, and his friends.
4. My father God—and may these lips  
 Pronounce a name so dear?  
 Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony  
 Delight my list'ning ear.
5. Thanks to my God for every gift  
 His bounteous hands bestow;  
 And thanks eternal for that love,  
 Whence all these comforts flow.
6. For ever let my grateful heart  
 His boundless grace adore,  
 Which gives ten thousand blessings now,  
 And bids me hope for more.

7. Transporting hope !—still on my soul  
 Let thy sweet glories shine ;  
 Till all I am is lost in joys  
 Immortal and divine.

HYMN 70.

1. **A**WAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,  
 Awake, and view that setting sun ;  
 See how the shades of death advance,  
 Ere half the task of life is done.
2. Death ! 'tis an awful, solemn sound !  
 Oh let it wake thy slumbering ear :  
 Apace the dreadful Conqueror comes,  
 With all his pale companions near.
3. Soon will he close thy drowsy eyes,  
 Nor shalt thou hear these warnings more ;  
 Soon will the mighty Judge approach,  
 E'en now he stands before thy door.
4. To-day attend his gracious voice,  
 This is the summons that he sends,  
 "Awake, for on this transient hour  
 "Thy long eternity depends".
5. Blest Jesus, let these awful scenes  
 Be ever present to my view :  
 Teach me to gird my loins about,  
 And trim my dying lamp anew.
6. Then, when the king of terrors comes,  
 My soul will hail the happy day :  
 Then come, my Saviour, from above,  
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay.



## HYMN 71.

1. **W**HY do we seek felicity,  
Where 'tis not to be found ;  
And not, dear Lord, look up to thee,  
Where all delights abound ?
2. Why do we seek for treasures here,  
On this false barren sand ;  
Where nought but empty shells appear,  
And marks of shipwreck stand ?
3. **O** world, how little do thy joys  
Concern a soul that knows  
Itself not made for such low toys,  
As thy poor hand bestows.
4. How cross art thou to that design,  
For which we had our birth ;  
Us, who are made in heaven to shine,  
Thou bow'st down to the earth :
5. Nay, e'en to hell ; for thither sink  
All that to thee submit :  
Thou strew'st some flowers on the brink,  
To drown us in the pit.
6. World, take away thy tinsel wares,  
That dazzle here our eyes ;  
Let us go up above the stars,  
Where all our treasure lies.
7. The way we know ; our dearest Lord  
Himself is gone before ;  
And has engaged his faithful word,  
To open us the door.

8. But, o my God, reach down thine hand,  
And take us up to thee,  
That we about thy throne may stand,  
And all thy glories see.

## HYMN 72.

1. **L**ET others court what joys they please,  
And gain whate'er they court ;  
For me, I find but little ease  
In all their gayest sport.
2. Be thou alone but with my heart,  
My God, my only bliss,  
I shall not murmur at my part,  
Nor envy their success.
3. They talk of pleasure, talk of gain ;  
None must their humour cross :  
But well I know their pleasure's pain,  
Their greatest profit, loss.
4. Let them talk on ; since have not we  
Our gains, our pleasures too ?  
Pleasures that spring more sweet and free ;  
Gains that more fully flow !
5. Nay, well-endur'd, our very pains  
To us a pleasure are ;  
And all our losses turn to gains,  
If hopes may have their share.
6. And sure they may, such hopes as cheer  
The heaven-espoused breast ;  
Hopes, that so strangely charm us here,  
What will they be possess'd ?

## HYMN 73.

1. **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh how shall I appear?
2. If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought :
3. When thou, o Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh how shall I appear?
4. But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.
5. Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.
6. For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son hath died,  
To make her pardon sure.

## HYMN 74.

1. **M**ISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust !

2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living head.
3. 'Tis faith that purifies the heart,  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids our sinful joys depart,  
And lifts our thoughts above.
4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial power ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

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HYMN 75.

1. JESUS ! whose grace inspires thy priests,
To keep alive, by solemn feasts,
The memory of thy love :
O may we here so pass our days,
That they at last our souls may raise,
To feast with thee above.
2. Jesus ! behold the wise from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star,
Bring gifts to thee their King :
O guide us by thy light, that we
The way may find, and so to thee
Ourselves for tribute bring.
3. Jesus ! the pure and spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came,
Those legal rights to pay ;
O make our proud and stubborn will
Thine, and thy church's laws fulfil ;
Whate'er fond nature say.

4. Jesus ! who on that fatal wood
 Pour'dst forth thy life's last drop of blood,
 Nail'd to a shameful cross !
 O may we bless thy love ; and be
 Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee
 All grief, all pain, all loss.
5. Jesus ! who, by thine own love slain,
 By thine own power took'st life again,
 And from the grave did'st rise !
 O may thy death our spirits revive,
 And at our death a new life give,
 A life that never dies.
6. Jesus ! who to thy heaven again
 Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,
 Of men and angels, King !
 O may our parting souls take flight,
 Up to that land of joy and light,
 And there for ever sing :
7. All glory to the sacred Three,
 One undivided Deity ;
 All honour, power, and praise :
 O may thy blessed name shine bright,
 Crown'd with those beams of beauteous light,
 Its own eternal rays.

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HYMN 76.

1. O thou, to whose all-searching sight,  
 The darkness shineth as the light,  
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,  
 O burst these bands, and set it free.

2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross ;  
Hallow each thought ; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
4. When rising floods my head o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee ;  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.
6. If rough and thorny be my way,  
My strength proportion to my day ;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.



## HYMN 77.

1. **B**EGIN, my soul, the awful theme ;  
Say flesh is grass, and life a dream,  
A fleeting breath, an airy gleam.
2. Each moment speeds us to our tomb,  
Where darkness rests, and worms consume,  
Till the dire trumpet bursts its womb.

3. The sons of Adam then shall stand,  
Produce their life, hold up their hand,  
And answer to a strict demand.
4. Adjudg'd to bliss the saints shall rise,  
To meet their Saviour in the skies,  
And live where pleasure never dies.
5. Condemn'd, the sinners shrink to hell,  
The sad reverse consider well,  
"With endless burnings who can dwell"?



## HYMN 78.

1. FATHER of all ! whose seat of rest  
In highest heaven is rear'd,  
Thy name by every tongue be blest,  
By every heart rever'd !
2. Let earth to thy Messiah's throne  
Its just subjection yield ;  
Here, as in heaven, thy will be known,  
Here, as in heaven fulfill'd.
3. With bread sufficient to the day  
Our mortal frame supply ;  
And feed the soul, that moves our clay,  
With manna from on high.
4. While conscious of the debt we owe,  
We bow the humble knee ;  
That mercy we to others show,  
Descend on us from thee !
5. Do thou our erring feet secure ;  
O lead us far from ill !  
And keep us upright, just, and pure,  
In act, in word, in will.

6. Hear, Lord! for power supreme is thine!  
 Thine, glory, worship, praise!  
 Not nature's bounds thy reign confine,  
 Nor numbers time thy days!

HYMN 79.

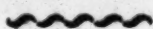
1. "To me, ye sons of sorrow, come,  
 "That o'er life's rugged road  
 "With weary step uncertain roam,  
 "And bend beneath your load;
2. "Come, take my yoke, and learn of me,  
 "For I am meek of mind:  
 "Come, and your soul, from error free,  
 "The rest it seeks shall find".
3. Such was the voice of him, who spoke  
 As never man before;  
 His burden light, and easy yoke,  
 My soul shall shun no more.
4. I come; my prayer to thee address'd,  
 Whose lips the precept gave;  
 Do thou, within my inmost breast,  
 The heavenly lesson grave.
5. So shall I learn my destin'd race  
 To run with willing feet;  
 Unmov'd, as honour or disgrace,  
 In truth's defence, I meet;
6. Humility, with meekness join'd,  
 My exaltation see;  
 And freedom's fullest measure find,  
 Bless'd Lord! in serving thee.



## HYMN 80.

1. **ALMIGHTY** Maker, Father, Friend,  
Do thou thine ear in mercy lend,  
And hear a suppliant's cry :  
My gloomy doubts and fears remove,  
And with thy mercy, grace, and love,  
Be, Lord, for ever nigh !
2. When my breast heaves with anxious care,  
Or overwhelmed with despair,  
My every comfort's fled ;  
Say to me, with a cheering voice,  
" I am thy God", and I'll rejoice,  
And raise my drooping head.
3. When from the narrow path I stray,  
And take the pleasing dangerous way,  
That leads to endless woe,  
Do thou, my God, my soul restore ;  
Thy help I earnestly implore,  
For free thy mercies flow.
4. When I enjoy thy smiling face,  
And taste the sweetness of thy grace,  
O keep me humble, Lord !  
Teach me to walk with strictest care,  
And let me shun the tempter's snare,  
Directed by thy word.
5. When on the verge of life I stand,  
And view eternity at hand,  
Do thou my soul sustain ;  
Give me the christian hero's shield,  
And make me victor in the field,  
Through him who died to reign.

6. And when th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
 And through the realms of death resound,  
 May I with transport rise ;  
 Behold the judge, my faithful friend,  
 And joys commence, no more to end,  
 Above these lower skies !



## HYMN 81.

1. **W**HEN sickness shakes the languid corse,  
 Each darling pleasure flies ;  
 Phantoms of bliss no more obscure  
 Our fascinated eyes ;
2. Then the tremendous arm of death  
 Its fatal sceptre shows ;  
 And nature faints beneath the load  
 Of complicated woes !
3. The tott'ring frame of mortal life  
 Shall crumble into dust ;  
 Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul,  
 On nature's God to trust.
4. The man whose pious heart is fix'd  
 On that all-gracious God,  
 From every frown may draw a joy,  
 And kiss the chast'ning rod.
5. Nor him shall death itself alarm ;  
 On Jesus he relies ;  
 With pleasure views a Saviour's love,  
 And with composure dies.



## HYMN 82.

1. **G**REAT God! thy bounties, large and free,  
Through various channels flow;  
In just proportion and degree  
Convey'd to all below.  
Give thanks to God, who reigns above,  
The God of power is God of love.
2. His wisdom forms us in the womb,  
His care the infant rears:  
From him the powers of manhood come,  
He props declining years.  
Give thanks to God, &c.
3. When nature fails, diseases press  
This mortal fabric down,  
He then receives the soul, to bless  
With an immortal crown.  
Give thanks to God, &c



## HYMN 83.

1. **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with the dust.
2. The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.
3. 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them to the grave;  
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)  
He takes but what he gave.

4. Peace, all our angry passions then ;  
 Let each rebellious sigh  
 Be silent at his sovereign will,  
 And every murmur die.
5. If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread ;  
 And we'll adore the justice too,  
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 84.

1. WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms ?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
 To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tending upward too,  
 As fast as time can move ?  
 Why should we wish the hours more slow,  
 That keep us from our love ?
3. Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb ?  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a sweet perfume !
4. The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
 And soften'd every bed :  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with their dying head ?
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,  
 And show'd our feet the way :  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
 At the great rising day.



## HYMN 85.

1. **T**HAT sin and death he may destroy,  
The world's great Lord is pleas'd to die ;  
The human nature he assumes,  
And in that nature both o'ercomes.
2. How sick we were, and how impure,  
Let's learn from our amazing cure ;  
How miserable, and how low,  
Let his great condescension show.
3. And teach us what a foe is sin,  
When such a friend must intervene,  
On such high terms to make our peace,  
And pay so dear for our release.

## HYMN 86.

**S**AVIOUR ador'd ! thy cleansing grace impart,  
And purge from sinful stains this sensual heart ;  
Imprint thy lovely image in my mind,  
And give a soul to virtuous ways inclin'd.  
O let not wealth, or pleasures ever draw  
My feet to deviate from thy righteous law :  
Restrain my wand'rings, teach me to recede  
From vicious paths, which to perdition lead :  
That when this earthly fabrick shall decay,  
And mix again with its maternal clay,  
My soul, releas'd, may wing her airy flight  
To blissful regions of refulgent light,  
Where rivers of eternal pleasures roll,  
And full unfading joys entrance the soul ;  
There with the heavenly concert let me frame  
Glad hallelujahs to my Saviour's name.

## HYMN 87.

1. **A**ND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is pass'd ;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
2. Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again ;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
3. Awake, my soul, with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn ;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy great concern ?
4. Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set out afresh for heaven ;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.
5. Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend ;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.



## HYMN 88.

1. **S**TRANGERS and sojourners below,  
We travel through this wilderness ;  
Seeking the promis'd rest to know,  
In Christ the fountain of true bliss ;  
We seek a place beyond ths skies,  
An everlasting Paradise.

2. In this pursuit we stand in need  
 Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;  
 Our souls with manna Christ must feed,  
 While we his leading footsteps trace ;  
 So shall each pilgrim gladly move  
 Onward unto his home above.
3. No earthly bliss is worth our stay,  
 Or struggle for another breath ;  
 These comforts vanish and decay,  
 And yield no solid joy in death ;  
 While others vain delights pursue,  
 We taste God's love for ever new.
4. His cross inflicts the deadly blow,  
 And crucifies each rebel sin ;  
 Peace, love, and joy hence quickly flow,  
 And cause sweet melody within ;  
 Dependent on the God of power  
 We glory in a suffering hour.
5. The new Jerusalem appears,  
 Her citizens resplendent shine ;  
 For God hath wip'd away her tears,  
 And fill'd them with the life divine ;  
 With them we shall his glory see,  
 And praise him through eternity.

~~~~~

HYMN 89.

1. **M**y God, to thee ourselves we owe,
 And to thy bounty all we have ;
 Therefore to thee our praises flow,
 And humbly thy acceptance crave.

2. If we are happy in a friend,
That very friend 'tis thou bestow'st;
His power, his will to help our end,
Is just so much as thou allow'st.
3. If we enjoy a free estate,
Our only title is from thee;
Thou mad'st our lot to bear that rate,
Which else an empty blank would be.
4. If we have health, that well-tun'd ground,
Which gives the music to the rest;
It is by thee our air is sound,
Our food secur'd, our physic blest.
5. If we have hope one day to view
The glories of thy blissful face;
Each drop of that refreshing dew
Must fall from heaven and thy free grace,
6. Thus then to thee our praises bow,
And humbly thy acceptance crave;
Since 'tis to thee ourselves we owe,
And to thy bounty all we have.

~~~~~  
HYMN 90.

1. **B**EHOLD, we come, dear Lord, to thee,  
And bow before thy throne;  
We come to offer on our knee,  
Our vows to thee alone.
2. Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,  
Thy bounty freely gave;  
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,  
And wilt hereafter save.



3. But oh ! can all our store afford  
No better gifts for thee ?  
Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,  
And thus our poverty.
4. 'Tis not our tongue, or knee can pay  
The mighty debt we owe ;  
Far more we should, than we can say,  
Far lower should we bow.
5. Come then, my soul, bring all thy pow'rs,  
And grieve thou hast no more ;  
Bring every day thy choicest hours,  
And thy great God adore.
6. But above all, prepare thy heart,  
On this his own blest day,  
In its sweet task to bear thy part,  
And sing, and love, and pray.
7. Glory to the eternal Lord,  
Thrice blessed Three in One ;  
Thy name at all times be ador'd,  
Till time itself be done.

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HYMN 91.

1. **W**HO is, as the christian, great ?
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood ;
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft and walks with God.
2. **W**ho is, as the christian, wise ?
He his nought for all has given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

3. Who is, as the christian, bless'd ?
He has found the long-sought home ;
He is join'd to Christ, his rest ;
He and happiness are one.
4. Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him, and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine !
5. Lo ! his cloathing is the sun,
The bright sun of righteousness ;
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
6. Lo ! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above ;
Leans on Jesus' breast his head,
Feasts for ever on his love.
7. Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings ;
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.
8. Who shall gain that heavenly height ?
Who his Saviour's face shall see ?
I, who claim it as his right ;
Christ hath bought it all for me.



HYMN 92.

1. IF mortal hands thy peace destroy,
Or friendship's gifts bestow,
Wilt thou to man ascribe thy joy ?
To man impute thy woe ?

2. 'Tis God, whose thoughts to various ends
The human lot dispose ;
Around thee plant assisting friends,
Or heap avenging foes.
3. Not from the bow the deaths proceed,
But from the archer's skill ;
Who lends the thirsty shaft its speed,
And gives it strength to kill.



HYMN 93.

1. GOD of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.
2. When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.
3. When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
4. But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !
5. Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.



HYMN 94.

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies, o my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. **O** how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
3. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
4. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
5. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
6. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man:
7. Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face !
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
9. Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er ;
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.
10. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
11. Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
12. When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, o Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
13. Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.



HYMN 95.

1. **T**HE Bible is the spring
 Where all my comforts lie ;
 And when I find my soul in want,
 It yields me sweet supply.

2. It is my glorious sun,
Which darts a pleasing ray;
Dispels the darkness from my soul,
And turns my night to day.
3. It is my surest guide
Through all the snares of youth;
Directs me, lest I go astray
From piety and truth.
4. It is my surest shield,
To guard me when I fight;
Helps me to vanquish all my fears,
And put them all to flight.
5. It is the balm divine
That soothes the raging smart
Of conscience, when it groans with guilt,
And heals the broken heart.
6. Its like a garden large,
Adorn'd with various bow'rs;
Where grow the finest herbs and plants,
And all delightful flowers.
7. O may my Bible be
In life my chief delight;
In death my theme, in heaven my song,
That land of peace and light!



HYMN 96.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2. When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
3. 'Tis like the sun, an heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
4. The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And there thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express.
5. But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
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6. Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
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THE false professor is religion's foe,  
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His disbelief of what he owns in word,  
Proclaiming war against his heavenly Lord.  
With kisses he betrays the lovely dame,  
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3. 'Tis like the sun, an heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
4. The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And there thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express.
5. But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
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HYMN 98.

1. **I**N vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
2. The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word ;
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.
3. A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root ;
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, a goodly tree!
4. Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline ;
The christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

HYMN 99.

1. **A**H me ! my numerous heinous sins !
How pond'rous is the load !
And oh ! how terrible the wrath
Of an incensed God !
2. What awful frowns array his face !
What thunders arm his hands !
While hell with an impetuous rage,
The trembling prey demands.

3. But, o my soul, avert thine eyes
From these tremendous scenes ;
See, in th' incarnate Saviour's face,
Mercy triumphant reigns.
4. In virtue of his dying blood
He sits a priest on high ;
And as a priest dispenses grace
To rebels doom'd to die.
5. Dear Jesus ! at thy feet I fall,
O'erwhelm'd with shame and grief ;
And, with an humble faith, from thee
Would seek my sole relief.
6. Oh ! let thy gracious lips pronounce
My every sin forgiven ;
Justice pleas'd, and wrath no more,
And peace procur'd with heaven.
7. Thy spirit cheer my fainting heart,
And seal the pardon there ;
And by his renovating grace,
Dispel each rising fear.
8. Then shall my grateful bosom glow
With love to thee, my God ;
And never-ceasing songs of praise,
Proclaim that love abroad.

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HYMN 100.

1. SINNERS may boast of bliss below,  
And saints may sigh, the sons of woe ;  
Yet, sinner, were all nature thine,  
I'm thrice as blest, if God be mine.

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1. SINNERS may boast of bliss below,  
And saints may sigh, the sons of woe ;  
Yet, sinner, were all nature thine,  
I'm thrice as blest, if God be mine.

2. In every tempting dang'rous hour,  
I'm safe, beneath protecting power :  
Earth, leagu'd with hell, I dare defy,  
And can march conqueror to the sky.
3. When guilt pollutes my soul anew,  
Reflection strikes, and rends it through ;  
A pitying God' beholds my pain,  
And smiles my soul to peace again.
4. His wisdom knows, divinely best  
All that can make a creature blest ;  
Saints, you may trust his guardian care ;  
He means you heaven—you'll soon be there.



## HYMN 101.

1. As pity melts a father's breast,  
To see the child he loves, distrest ;  
With pity, parent never knew,  
God sees his suffering children too.
2. His children we, a heavenly race,  
Born from above, and heirs by grace ;  
Father, we smile beneath thy rod,  
A chast'ning is a pitying God.
3. His love consults our tender frame,  
Mortal, but from dust it came ;  
Awhile the seat of grief and pain,  
And down it sinks to dust again.
4. But souls elude the dart of death,  
They live beyond th' expiring breath !  
O for some guardian from the sky,  
To bear them home, to God on high !





## HYMN 102.

1. **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.
2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs ;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
3. The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
High on a royal seat ;  
And death the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
4. Though greedy worms devour my skin  
And gnaw my wasting flesh ;  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He cloaths them all afresh.
5. Then shall I see thy lovely face,  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy unknown grace  
With pleasure and surprize.



## HYMN 103.

1. **B**LEST is the man who fears the Lord,  
And walks with pleasure in his ways,  
Who trembles at his holy word,  
And gladly his commands obeys :  
His house with blessings shall abound,  
His seed be mighty and renown'd.

2. In every tempting dang'rous hour,  
I'm safe, beneath protecting power :  
Earth, leagu'd with hell, I dare defy,  
And can march conqueror to the sky.
3. When guilt pollutes my soul anew,  
Reflection strikes, and rends it through ;  
A pitying God beholds my pain,  
And smiles my soul to peace again.
4. His wisdom knows, divinely best  
All that can make a creature blest ;  
Saints, you may trust his guardian care ;  
He means you heaven—you'll soon be there.



## HYMN 101.

1. As pity melts a father's breast,  
To see the child he loves, distressed ;  
With pity, parent never knew,  
God sees his suffering children too.
2. His children we, a heavenly race,  
Born from above, and heirs by grace ;  
Father, we smile beneath thy rod,  
A chast'ning is a pitying God.
3. His love consults our tender frame,  
Mortal, but from dust it came ;  
Awhile the seat of grief and pain,  
And down it sinks to dust again.
4. But souls elude the dart of death,  
They live beyond th' expiring breath !  
O for some guardian from the sky,  
To bear them home, to God on high !



## HYMN 102.

1. **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.
2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs ;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
3. The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
High on a royal seat ;  
And death the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
4. Though greedy worms devour my skin  
And gnaw my wasting flesh ;  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He cloaths them all afresh.
5. Then shall I see thy lovely face,  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy unknown grace  
With pleasure and surprize.



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His house with blessings shall abound,  
His seed be mighty and renown'd.

2. A generous pity warms his heart,  
 His kindness widely he extends ;  
 The poor in all his wealth have part,  
 To some he gives, to others lends :  
 Yet what his bounty wastes, repairs  
 By wisely ordering his affairs.
3. When times with dismal face appear,  
 By frightful clouds and gloom o'erspread,  
 His heart shall entertain no fear,  
 Above the gloom he'll lift his head :  
 His faith shall bear his courage up,  
 And God approve, and crown his hope.
4. When raging waves and tempests roar,  
 And sinners and their hopes are drown'd ;  
 He'll sit, and see it, safe on shore,  
 With life and with salvation crown'd,  
 On earth renown, and heaven above,  
 Shall recompense his faith and love.



## HYMN 104.

1. **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim :  
 The unwearied sun from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land,  
 The work of an almighty hand.



2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
 What though nor real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 " The hand that made us is divine".

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HYMN 105.

1. **W**H^Y will you lavish out your years,
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
 While in this various range of thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot ?
2. Why will you chase the fleeting wind,
 And famish an immortal mind ?
 While angels with regret look down,
 To see you spurn a heavenly crown.
3. The eternal God calls from above,
 And Jesus pleads his dying love ;
 Awaken'd conscience gives you pain ;
 And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

4. Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
5. Almighty God, thy power impart
To fix conviction on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the proudest scorner wise.



HYMN 106.

1. **W**HEN I survey the world around,
And see what numbers may be found,
Afflicted and distress'd;
Some on the confines of the dead,
And others wanting daily bread,
Nay, even a place of rest:
2. When I have these before my sight,
My troubles seem so small and light,
They scarce deserve the name:
Alike my heart and tongue declare
How good my great Creator's care,
I suffer not the same.
3. Suppose that God shall grant me more,
My heart may not so often soar,
And taste the joys above:
The world and things of time and sense
May draw my heart and thoughts from thence,
And hurt me with their love.

4. Then I'll no more with grief repine,
And say how hard this lot of mine,
But will with patience wait ;
And cheerfully embrace the load
Assign'd me by my Maker, God,
Until he change my state.

HYMN 107.

1. SINCE all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys ;
Oh who so wise to chuse our lot,
And regulate our ways ?
2. Since none can doubt his equal love,
Immeasurably kind,
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.
3. Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
Even crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

HYMN 108.

1. THUS now another hour is fled,
And will return no more ;
And I'm one nearer to the dead,
Than e'er I was before :
2. Nearer to that important state,
Whose joys for ever grow ;
Or miseries of a nameless date,
That may no period know.

3. Important thought ! o may I feel
 Its energetic power ;
 And in heaven's service spend with zeal
 My every future hour.



HYMN 109.

1. **W**HEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who liv'd averse to sin !
 Such peace on virtue's path attends,
 That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The good man's joys begin.
2. See smiling patience smooth his brow ;
 See bending angels downward bow,
 To lift his soul on high :
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.
3. The horrors of the grave and hell,
 Those horrors which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display :
 For he, who bids yon comet burn,
 Or makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.
4. No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No horrors wrest the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast :
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours kindly solace from above,
 And sooths his soul to rest.

5. O grant, my Saviour and my friend!
 Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
 And calm my evening close :
 While loos'd from every earthly tie,
 With steady confidence I fly
 To him from whom I rose.



HYMN 110.

1. Lo, what an entertaining sight
 Are kindred that agree !
 How blest the house where hearts unite
 In bands of piety !
2. Where streams of love, from heavenly springs,
 Descend to every soul ;
 And sacred peace, with balmy wings,
 Shades and bedews the whole.
3. All in their proper stations move,
 And each fulfils his part,
 In all the cares of life and love,
 With sympathizing heart.
4. Their souls are form'd for joy and peace,
 Their hearts and hopes are one ;
 And kind designs to serve and please,
 Through all their actions run.
5. How happy is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet ;
 Where songs of praise, and mingled vows,
 Make the communion sweet.

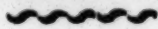
6. Such pleasure crowns the heavenly hills ;
 Thus saints are blest above ;
 Where joy like morning dew distills,
 And all the air is love.



HYMN 111.

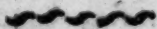
1. CHRISTIANS, in your several stations,
 Dutiful to all relations,
 Give to each his proper due ;
 Let not their unkind behaviour
 Make you disobey your Saviour,
 His command's the rule for you.
2. Parents, be to children tender ;
 Children, full obedience render
 To your parents, in the Lord :
 Never slight, nor disrespect them ;
 Nor through pride, when old, reject them ;
 'Tis the precept of the word.
3. Wives, to husbands yield subjection ;
 Husbands, with a kind affection,
 Cherish, as yourselves, your wives ;
 Masters, rule with moderation,
 Sway'd by justice, not by passion ;
 To the scriptures square your lives.
4. Servants, serve your masters truly ;
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
 To the good—nor to the bad ;
 Not refusing what you're bidden ;
 Nor replying when you're chidden ;
 'Tis the ordinance of God.

5. This shall solve th' important question,
 Whether thou'rt a real christian,
 Better than each golden dream ;
 Better far than lip-expressions,
 Tow'ring notions, great professions,
 This shall show your love to him.



HYMN 112.

1. **H**APPY the house, like Abr'ham's blest
 With heads, who rule for God ;
 Where strict religion stands confest,
 Who chuse the narrow road.
2. Instructions there divinely flow
 To mind the great concern ;
 There every child and servant too
 The paths of wisdom learn.
3. There morning prayers like incense rise,
 And sacred odours shed ;
 While at their ev'ning sacrifice,
 The wings of peace o'erspread.
4. Those pious youth their children teach,
 This great concern to mind,
 And true religion lives to reach
 To ages yet behind.
5. Such, Lord, may every house be made
 In this degenerate day ;
 And thy paternal love display'd,
 Where'er thy children pray.



HYMN 113.

1. SATAN, who knows our inward frame,
Our endless ruin tries ;
And this vain world, wherein we live,
The dangerous means supplies.
2. Crimes, though forgiven, wound us here,
And deep corrode the breast :
But heaven has no such dangers there,
A sinless world, and blest.
3. Temptations urge—we straight comply,
And straight our sorrows flow :
Oh ! for that better state on high,
From guilt exempt, and woe !
4. Then, what has life to tempt our stay,
When death insures our gain ?
We rise to realms of life and day,
From realms of grief and pain.

HYMN 114.

1. THE love of Christ ! how sweet the theme ;
It fills our souls with joys unknown ;
And whilst we praise the Saviour's name,
We join with seraphs round the throne.
2. How great thy condescension, Lord,
To leave the glories of the skies !
The Son of God, the eternal word,
Becomes incarnate, bleeds, and dies.

3. In vain would mortal minds aspire
 T' express this love in equal lays :
 But when we join the heavenly choir,
 We'll equal angels in the praise.
4. Whilst long eternity rolls on,
 The love of Christ shall claim our songs,
 And day and night, around the throne,
 Praise shall employ our thankful tongues.

HYMN 115.

SEARCHER of hearts! my thoughts review ;
 With kind severity pursue,
 Through each disguise, thy servant's mind,
 Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
 Guide through th' ensnaring world my feet,
 And bring me to thy blissful seat,
 Where angels hymn, through realms above,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit of Love,
 Mysterious One ! mysterious Three !
 Glory to all eternity.

HYMN 116.

1. SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
 To practise on the mind ;
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.
2. With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young ;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his fetters strong.

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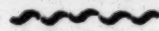
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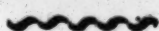
3. She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
4. So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.



HYMN 117.

1. FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines ;
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
2. Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose
Their bright unbounded store :
The glittering gem no longer glows,
And India boasts no more.
3. Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find :
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
4. Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
5. O may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.



HYMN 118.

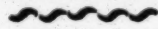
1. Few are my days, and fast they wing,
 'Tis vain to wish their stay ;
 This heart must break through every string,
 This spirit soar away.
2. Yes ; and the impious creature too
 Must pant, and gasp, and die :
 Sad change ! to bid the world adieu,
 And never reach the sky !
3. But saints have pour'd the generous tear,
 And feel their crimes forgiven :
 And what have pardon'd souls to fear,
 Whom grace hath form'd for heaven.
4. Yes : death may choose his keenest dart,
 And give the grave its clod ;
 It only frees the better part,
 And sends it home to God.



HYMN 119.

1. "AWAKE, O sword", the Father cries ;
 The sword awakes, and Jesus dies ;
 He bows his head, beneath the stroke,
 To free our souls from satan's yoke.

3. She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
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 This spirit soar away.
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 Must pant, and gasp, and die :
 Sad change ! to bid the world adieu,
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 The sword awakes, and Jesus dies ;
 He bows his head, beneath the stroke,
 To free our souls from satan's yoke.

2. What mingled dignity and grace
Appear'd in our Redeemer's face,
When he forsook the courts above,
And mighty flew on wings of love !
3. Our nature with his own he joins,
And thus fulfils his kind designs ;
The Son of man, the Son of God,
Redeems the church with his own blood.
4. How great the price Messiah paid,
When he his soul an offering made !
Behold redemption all complete !
Behold the Saviour's love how great !
5. See grace and justice both combine,
United now how bright they shine !
Their glory in the cross appears,
While sinners hope, and dry their tears.



HYMN 120.

1. No—I will cleave to earth no more,
No more her joys pursue ;
My heart disdains the flattering snare,
And bids the world adieu.
2. Farewel, vain world, to all thy bliss,
To all thy glittering store ;
Thy airy dreams, thy specious charms,
Delude my soul no more.
3. To nobler realms my ardent hopes
With sweet ambition rise ;
No thief can steal, nor rust devour,
Nor moth corrupt my joys.

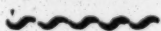
4. My soul, by power divine secur'd
From every painful fear,
Shall see eternal ages roll,
And still be happy there.
5. Fir'd with this glorious hope, I soar
Above terrestrial things ;
Contemn the sordid miser's hoard,
And all the wealth of kings.
6. Father, my spirit longs to see
Thy blest abode on high !
Come, death, and bear me to the place
Where all my treasures lie.



HYMN 121.

1. **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant meadows flow.
3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, o Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.



HYMN 122.

1. AGAIN the kind revolving year,
Has brought this happy day,
And we in God's blest house appear,
Again our vows to pay.
 2. Our watchful guardians, rob'd in light,
Adore the heavenly King;
Ten thousand thousand angels bright,
Incessant praises sing.
 3. They know no want, they feel no care,
Nor ever sigh as we;
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.
 4. If ought can add unto their bliss,
Or raise their raptures higher,
New joys in heaven, at sights like this,
New anthems fill the choir.
 5. With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear;
Our blessed guardians those above,
Our benefactors here!
- Chorus.*—To that great undivided Three,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
As was, and is, all glory be,
Till time shall be no more.

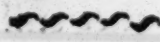


HYMN 123.

1. **T**o thee, o Father of mankind,
Shall our glad hymns ascend ;
To anger slow, to love inclin'd,
Thy goodness knows no end.
2. The poor and needy from the dust
Thy hand vouchsafes to raise,
Who in th' assemblies of the just
Will still record thy praise.
3. Each heart and hand that lends us aid
Thou dost inspire and guide ;
Nor shall their love be unrepay'd,
Who for the poor provide.
4. The choicest of thy blessings show'r
On those who have us blest ;
Unfailing streams of bounty pour
On every bounteous breast.
5. Gather those outcasts who remain
Expos'd, as we before :
So shall our still increasing train
With louder songs adore.

Chorus.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All praise and glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all eternity.



HYMN 124.

1. O all ye nations of the earth,
To heaven your voices raise ;
Awake each tuneful instrument,
To sing your Maker's praise.
2. Jehovah reigns ; his sacred page
Proclaims our happy lot,
That we poor children in distress
Shall never be forgot.
3. Objects of pity, we implore,
O Lord, thy guardian care ;
'Tis thine to hear the needy cry,
'Tis thine to hear their prayer.
4. Great parent of mankind, by thee
Sustain'd, each creature lives ;
Helpless we ask, o bless the hand,
The hand that freely gives.
5. Increase their store, prolong their days,
Richly thy grace impart ;
Accept our mite of gratitude,
An humble, thankful heart.
6. O magnify the Lord with us,
With us that God adore,
Whose gracious mercy was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



HYMN 125.

1. To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will !
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
And glorify thee still.



2. And thanks for thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heavenly King! the God
And Father of all might.
3. And thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun :
O Jesus Christ! God! Lamb of God!
The Father's only Son!
4. Have mercy! thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away!
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!
5. O thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne!
Have mercy on us, thou, o Christ,
Who art the Holy One!
6. The Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.



HYMN 126.

1. MEET and right it is to sing,
Glory to our God and King:
Meet in every time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.
2. Join ye saints, the song around;
Angels help the cheerful sound;
Publish through the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

3. Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive ;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Every where be thou ador'd.
4. Though th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name ;
Saviour, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.



HYMN 127.

1. Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.
2. Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
3. The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers :
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4. Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thy own :
 Jah ! Jehovah!
 Everlasting God, come down.

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 HYMN 128.

1. **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
 That I shall find my all in thee !  
 The fulness of thy promise prove,  
 The seal of thy eternal love ?
2. Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
 And cast the world and flesh behind ;  
 Thou, only thou, to me be given,  
 Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
3. When from the arm of flesh set free,  
 Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee :  
 Jesus, when I have lost my all,  
 I shall upon thy bosom fall.
4. Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,  
 Ready the outcasts to receive :  
 Though all my simpleness I own,  
 And all my faults to thee are known.
5. Ah wherefore did I ever doubt !  
 Thou wilt in nowise cast me out ;  
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
 Oh lift the abject sinner up !
6. Lord, I am blind ; be thou my sight !  
 Lord, I am weak ; be thou my might !  
 A helper of the helpless be,  
 And let me find my all in thee !
- ~~~~~

## HYMN 129.

1. **ALMIGHTY** God, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And cast the works of darkness from our heart ;  
Send us thy light, and arm us for the strife  
Against all evils of this mortal life,  
O'er which our Saviour Jesus Christ, thy Son,  
With great humility the conquest won :
2. That when in glory our victorious Head  
Shall come to judge the living and the dead,  
We may through him to life immortal spring,  
Wherein he reigns the everlasting King,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit may adore,  
Our glorious God triune for evermore.



## HYMN 130.

1. **STAY**, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite,  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thy everlasting flight.
2. Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
3. Yet oh ! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest,  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.



4. If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
From now, o Lord, relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And bless me with the calm repose.
5. From now my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.

~~~~~

HYMN 131.

1. **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;
And shall he bleed in vain?
2. Misers, for you his life he paid,
Your basest crime he bore;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
3. The God of love to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.
4. Believe in him who died for thee!
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

~~~~~

HYMN 132.

1. **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone;  
Walking in all his ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.

2. The church triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know ;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
3. Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,  
And bow before thy throne !  
We in the kingdom of thy grace ;  
The kingdoms are but one.
4. The holy to the holiest leads ;  
From thence our spirits rise :  
And he, that in thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet thee in the skies.



## HYMN 133

1. JESUS, my Lord, my God !  
The God supreme thou art ;  
The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood  
Is sprinkled on my heart.
2. Jehovah is thy name ;  
And through thy blood applied,  
Convinced and certified I am  
There is no God beside.
3. Soon as thy Spirit shows  
That precious blood of thine,  
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows  
It is the blood divine.
4. But only he who feels  
My Saviour died for me,  
Is sure that all the Godhead dwells  
Eternally in thee.



## HYMN 134.

1. **B**LEST be the Father and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
2. Glory to thee, great Son of God ;  
Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
3. We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
4. Thus, God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore ;  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.



## HYMN 135.

1. **Y**E that in his courts are found,  
Listening to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Take the peace the gospel brings,  
Glorify the King of kings.
2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice ;  
See in him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :  
Take the peace the gospel brings,  
Glorify the King of kings.



## HYMN 136.

1. **A**TTEND, ye children of our God ;  
Ye heirs of glory hear ;  
For accents so divine as these,  
Might charm the dullest ear.
2. Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
Your souls to sin must die ;  
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.
3. There by his Father's side he sits,  
Enthron'd divinely fair ;  
Yet owns himself your brother still,  
And your fore-runner there.
4. Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faithful love ;  
Above your choicest treasure lies,  
Oh keep your hearts above.
5. Lest earth and sin should drag us down,  
When we attempt to fly ;  
Lord, send thy strong attractive power  
To raise and fix us high.



## HYMN 137.

1. **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree ;  
Show thyself the Prince of peace,  
Bid our jars for ever cease.



2. By thy reconciling love,  
Every stumbling-block remove ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread thy banner here !
3. Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.
4. Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
To thy church thy pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.
5. Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide ;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness !
6. Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above ;  
On the wings of angels fly ;  
Show how true believers die.



## HYMN 138.

1. **H**ow sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear ;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield, and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
4. Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
5. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

~~~~~

HYMN 139.

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to me are empty toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Oh may thy grace still cheer my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care !
5. I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last labouring breath ;
 Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.



HYMN 140.

1. **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us,
 In this dry and barren place.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.
3. So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.




HYMN 141.

1. **I** know that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.
2. In this re-animated clay,
I surely shall behold him near;
Shall see him, at the latter day,
In all his majesty appear.
3. I feel what then shall raise me up,
The eternal Spirit lives in me;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.
4. My own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The crown, to his obedience due.
5. Even now I taste that bliss divine,
The glorious joy of angels prove;
A whole eternity is mine,
A whole eternity of love!



HYMN 142.

1. **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.

2. Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
 3. Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
 4. For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life, of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign,
- 

HYMN 143.

1. Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face ;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
3. Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
4. Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin ;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
6. He subdu'd the infernal powers,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
7. Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.



HYMN 144.

1. **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
4. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.


5. Soon shall ye hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children come";
 Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.

~~~~~

HYMN 145.

1. **H**E comes! the heavenly bridegroom comes,  
 Preceded by the midnight cry!  
 Sinners and saints forsake their tombs,  
 Go forth, and meet him in the sky.
  2. How dreadful is the sinner's fate,  
 Who wakes at last to sleep no more,  
 Who knocks and calls, alas! too late,  
 When death for ever shuts the door.
  3. To seal the universal doom  
 The Son of man shall bow the sky,  
 With all his holy angels come,  
 With all his Father's majesty!
  4. All nations in that day shall meet,  
 Arraign'd at his tremendous bar,  
 Behold him on his glorious seat:  
 And, O my soul, shall I be there?
  5. Most gracious, most tremendous Lord,  
 The sentence which proceeds from thee,  
 For punishment, as for reward,  
 Must stand through all eternity.
  6. Ah! give me now thy voice to hear,  
 Which calls in mercy so divine,  
 That, when thou dost as judge appear,  
 Thou may'st acknowledge me for thine.
- ~~~~~

## HYMN 146.

1. O heavenly King, look down from above,  
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love :  
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,  
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
  2. O God of our life, we hallow thy name,  
Our business and strife is thee to proclaim ;  
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace ;  
The living, the living shall show forth thy praise.
  3. Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou :  
Preserv'd by thy word, we worship thee now,  
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy !  
Our tongues to thy honour, and lives we employ.
  4. But oh ! above all thy kindness we praise,  
From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race,  
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,  
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him,
  5. Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,  
With angels above we lift up our voice ;  
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,  
For ever and ever, when time is no more.
- 

## HYMN 147.

1. **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,  
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing,  
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim ;  
Let every tongue be vocal with his name.  
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending,  
His blessing in perpetual showers descending.



2. The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills ;  
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,  
His honours sound ; you to whom good alone,  
Unmingled, ever-growing hath been known ;  
Through your immortal life with joy increasing,  
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never-ceasing.

3. Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,  
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,  
Crown'd with his goodness let thy nations meet,  
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;  
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,  
Which thro' each heart diffuseth every blessing.



## HYMN 148.

1. **F**ROM all that dwells below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing ;  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4. In every land begin the song,  
To every land the strains belong ;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.



## HYMN 149.

1. **T**RY us, o God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
Oh bid it all depart !
2. If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
3. Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear :  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
4. Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
5. Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.
6. Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride ;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot,  
With all the sanctified.



## HYMN 150.

1. **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,  
To thee for help we fly ;  
Thy little flock in safety keep !  
For oh ! the wolf is nigh !

2. He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every wandering soul,  
As his own lawful prey.
3. Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thy arm !  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
4. We now defy his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
5. Oh ! do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree !  
But make of us one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee !
6. Together let us sweetly live !  
Together let us die !  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.



## HYMN 151.

1. **H**APPY souls, who Christ obey,  
They are safe, and only they ;  
Hidden is their life above,  
All wrapt up in Jesu's love.
2. When his judgments are abroad,  
By his timely warnings aw'd,  
They to him their spirits give,  
Closer to their Saviour cleave.

3. Calm on tumult's wheel they sit,  
Trample death beneath their feet,  
Own their all o'er-ruling Lord,  
Smile at the destroyer's sword.
4. Thanks to the atoning Lamb,  
We are shelter'd in his name ;  
We our Lord begin to know,  
Ransom'd from the world below.
5. While we walk with him in light,  
Neither men nor fiends affright ;  
Us, whom Jesu's blood doth arm,  
Kill they may, but cannot harm.
6. Oh that all our friends might feel  
How secure in Christ we dwell !  
Oh that all our foes might prove  
God, a pardoning God of love !



## HYMN 152.

1. RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune,  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial Grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bade him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.



3. His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'Twas mercy filld the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down,  
To rebels doom'd to die.
5. Now sinners dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;  
Bow to the steeple of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
6. Lord, we obey thy call,  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.



## HYMN 153.

1. JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open thy arms, and take me in,
2. A mansion for thyself prepare,  
Dispose my heart by entering there ;  
'Tis this alone can make me clean,  
'Tis this alone can cast out sin,

3. At last I own it cannot be,  
That I should fit myself for thee ;  
Here then to thee I shall resign ;  
Thine is the work, and only thine.
4. What shall I say thy grace to move ?  
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love :  
I give up every plea beside,  
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died



## HYMN 154.

1. THE peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts,  
Which only the believer feels,  
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.
2. And may the holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word and Comforter,  
Pour an abundant blessing down  
On every soul assembled here.



## HYMN 155.

1. LOVE divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown ;  
Jesus, thou art all compassion !  
Pure, unbounded love thou art :  
Visit us in thy salvation ;  
Enter every trembling heart.

2. Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave :  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy host above ;  
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.
3. Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be :  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd in thee ;  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



## CONTENTS.

|                                                   | page   |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------|
| ADIEU to all my fond pursuits - - -               | 28     |
| Again the kind revolving year - - -               | 114    |
| Ah me! my numerous heinous sins - - -             | 96     |
| Almighty God, thy heavenly grace impart - - -     | 120    |
| Almighty Maker, Father, Friend - - -              | 81     |
| And are we now brought near to God - - -          | 15     |
| And now, my soul, another year - - -              | 86     |
| And will thy table, Lord, be spread - - -         | 16     |
| Arise, and hail the sacred day - - -              | 24     |
| As pity melts a father's breast - - -             | 98     |
| Attend, ye children of our God - - -              | 124    |
| Awake, and sing the song - - -                    | 130    |
| Awake, awake, my sluggish soul - - -              | 72     |
| Awake, my soul, and with the sun - - -            | 5      |
| Awake, o sword, the Father cries - - -            | 111    |
| <br>Begin, my soul, the awful theme - - -         | <br>78 |
| Begin, my soul, the exalted lay - - -             | 45     |
| Behold the Saviour of mankind - - -               | 52     |
| Behold, we come, dear Lord, to thee - - -         | 88     |
| Bless'd are the humble souls that see - - -       | 56     |
| Bless'd be the Father and his love - - -          | 123    |
| Bless'd be the God, whose tender care - - -       | 63     |
| Blest Jesus, when my soaring thoughts - - -       | 70     |
| Blest is the man who fears the Lord - - -         | 103    |
| <br>Christians awake, salute the happy morn - - - | <br>21 |
| Christians, in your several stations - - -        | 106    |
| Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire - - -         | 38     |
| Come, humble souls, ye mourners, come - - -       | 71     |
| Come, ye sinners, come and worship - - -          | 54     |
| Come, let us search our ways, and try - - -       | 57     |
| Creator, Spirit, by whose aid - - -               | 38     |



# CONTENTS.

|                                              | page |
|----------------------------------------------|------|
| Father of all, in every age                  | 46   |
| Father of all, whose seat of rest            | 79   |
| Father of mercies, in thy word               | 110  |
| Father, our eyes we lift to thee             | 62   |
| Few are my days, and fast they wing          | 111  |
| From all that dwells below the skies         | 133  |
| From whence these dire portents around       | 30   |
| Glory be to God on high                      | 68   |
| Glory to thee, my God, this night            | 7    |
| God of my life, through all its days         | 91   |
| God of my life, thy constant care            | 26   |
| God, who at sundry times, in divers ways     | 23   |
| Grateful notes, and numbers bring            | 40   |
| Great God, I own thy sentence just           | 99   |
| Great God, this sacred day of thine          | 12   |
| Great God, thy bounties large and free       | 83   |
| Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord                  | 39   |
| Happy souls, who Christ obey                 | 135  |
| Happy soul, thy days are ended               | 128  |
| Happy the house, like Abr'ham blest          | 107  |
| Happy the souls to Jesus join'd              | 121  |
| Hark! my gay friend, that solemn toll        | 49   |
| Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes      | 19   |
| He comes! the heavenly bridegroom comes      | 131  |
| High let us swell our tuneful notes          | 25   |
| Hosanna to the Prince of light               | 34   |
| House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring | 132  |
| How happy is the pilgrim's lot               | 60   |
| How shall the young secure their hearts      | 94   |
| How sweet the name of Jesus sounds           | 125  |
| If mortal hands thy peace destroy            | 90   |
| I know that my Redeemer lives                | 123  |
| I'll praise my Maker with my breath          | 3    |
| In vain men talk of living faith             | 96   |
| In vain the dusky night retires              | 67   |
| I sing my Saviour's wondrous death           | 30   |

# CONTENTS.

|                                                |      |
|------------------------------------------------|------|
|                                                | page |
| Jesus Christ is risen to-day - - -             | 32   |
| Jesus, great Shepherd of thy sheep - - -       | 134  |
| Jesus, I love thy charming name - - -          | 66   |
| Jesus, I love thy charming name - - -          | 126  |
| Jesus, Lord, we look to thee - - -             | 124  |
| Jesus, my Lord, my God - - -                   | 122  |
| Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee - - -      | 137  |
| Jesus, whose grace inspires thy priests - - -  | 76   |
| Lamb of God, that in the bosom - - -           | 20   |
| Let others count what joys they please - - -   | 74   |
| Let those who bear the christian name - - -    | 58   |
| Lo! he comes, with clouds descending - - -     | 118  |
| Lo! my Shepherd's hand divine - - -            | 43   |
| Long had earth's numerous nations sought - - - | 18   |
| Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing - - -       | 127  |
| Lord of the worlds above - - -                 | 14   |
| Lord, who's the happy man that may - - -       | 17   |
| Love divine, all loves excelling - - -         | 138  |
| Lovers of pleasure more than God - - -         | 121  |
| Lo! what an entertaining sight - - -           | 105  |
| Meet and right it is to sing - - -             | 117  |
| Mistaken souls that dream of heaven - - -      | 75   |
| My God, now I from sleep awake - - -           | 8    |
| My God, to thee ourselves we owe - - -         | 87   |
| My God, with grateful heart I'll raise - - -   | 64   |
| Naked as from the earth we came - - -          | 83   |
| No, I will cleave to earth no more - - -       | 112  |
| Now begin the heavenly theme - - -             | 129  |
| Now let my soul, eternal King - - -            | 69   |
| Now, my soul, the day is gone - - -            | 10   |
| O all ye nations of the earth - - -            | 116  |
| O come, let us with one accord - - -           | 12   |
| O for a shout of sacred joy - - -              | 36   |
| Oh! if my soul were form'd for woe - - -       | 31   |
| O heavenly King, look down from above - - -    | 132  |

# CONTENTS.

\*\*\*

|                                               | page |
|-----------------------------------------------|------|
| Open thine eyes, my soul, and see - -         | 9    |
| O thou to whose all-searching sight - -       | 77   |
| O 'tis a lovely thing to see - -              | 57   |
| Our Lord is risen from the dead - -           | 35   |
| Parent of good, whose plenteous grace -       | 61   |
| Raise your triumphant songs - - -             | 136  |
| Rejoice, rejoice, ye fallen race - -          | 37   |
| Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds - -        | 26   |
| Salvation ! o the joyful sound - - -          | 53   |
| Satan, who knows our inward frame - -         | 108  |
| Saviour ador'd ! thy cleansing grace impart - | 85   |
| Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review -      | 109  |
| Since all the downward tracts of time - -     | 103  |
| Sin has a thousand treacherous arts - -       | 109  |
| Sinners may boast of bliss below - -          | 97   |
| Son of the carpenter, receive - - -           | 64   |
| Sons of men, behold from far - - -            | 27   |
| Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay - - -        | 120  |
| Strangers and sojourners below - - -          | 86   |
| That sin and death he may destroy - - -       | 85   |
| The Bible is the spring - - -                 | 93   |
| Thee will I love, my strength, my tower -     | 41   |
| The false professor is religion's foe - -     | 95   |
| The Lord is risen ! he who came - - -         | 32   |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare - - -       | 113  |
| The Lord of sabbath let us praise - - -       | 13   |
| The love of Christ ! how sweet the theme -    | 108  |
| The peace which God alone reveals - - -       | 138  |
| There is a God, all nature speaks - - -       | 44   |
| The spacious firmament on high - - -          | 100  |
| Thus now another hour is fled - - -           | 103  |
| 'Tis religion that can give - - -             | 46   |
| To God be glory, peace on earth - - -         | 116  |
| To me, ye sons of sorrow, come - - -          | 80   |
| To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord - - -       | 51   |

# CONTENTS.

|                                           |   |      |
|-------------------------------------------|---|------|
|                                           |   | page |
| To thee; o Father of mankind - -          | - | 115  |
| Try us, o God, and search the ground -    | - | 134  |
| Vital spark of heavenly flame - -         | - | 48   |
| Up to thy seat, eternal God - -           | - | 59   |
| When all thy mercies, o my God - -        | - | 92   |
| When, gracious Lord, when shall it be -   | - | 119  |
| When I survey the wondrous cross - -      | - | 29   |
| When I survey the world around - -        | - | 102  |
| When life's tempestuous storms are o'er - | - | 104  |
| When rising from the bed of death - -     | - | 75   |
| When sickness shakes the languid corse -  | - | 82   |
| Who is as the christian great - -         | - | 89   |
| Why do we mourn departing friends - -     | - | 84   |
| Why do we seek felicity - -               | - | 73   |
| Why will you lavish out your years - -    | - | 101  |
| With joy we meditate the grace - -        | - | 54   |
| Yes, I will bless thee, o my God - -      | - | 4    |
| Ye that in his courts are found - -       | - | 123  |



e  
5  
4  
8  
9  
2  
9  
9  
2  
4  
4  
5  
2  
9  
4  
3  
1  
4  
4  
23